Whatever You Want

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Whatever You Want

by Dormchi

Summary

As Hannibal pushes his nose into the warm skin at the nape of Will’s neck and smells something fresh and cloying that wasn’t there before, he pauses and considers the revelation that growing inside Will now, probably no larger than a lentil at this point, is their second chance at having a family.

Will is pregnant.

Notes

Another little oneshot, where Hannibal and find out they're having a baby! Takes place after An Easy Kind of Love and before A Misunderstanding and a Murder. I started this and then got wrapped up writing a Hannigram firefighter/detective AU that's become a stupidly long fic and is consuming my life. I had to take a break from that, and so I did, which gave me time to finish this. Rated Mature for language.

I also re-ordered The Murder Family Verse series so it's chronological.

See the end of the work for more notes

One of the many benefits of being mated to Will Graham are the pleasant mornings that Hannibal now enjoys. He generally wakes first, with his arm resting over Will's stomach or sometimes with Will's arm laid over his chest, and this particular morning finds him in the former position. The otherwise silent room is permeated with the sound of the ceiling fan whirring above them and Will's soft snores.

Four days earlier, they hunted a man that Will deemed worthy of being transformed in death. Hannibal was happy to follow Will's lead, to be part of his design and to offer instruction on the rare occasion that Will faltered. Their shared kill of the Red Dragon had opened the door, and on the other side of that door Will is raw and beautiful to behold, stripped bare to reveal hidden layers of cleverness and violence and lethality.

Will is vicious and wonderful, and entirely his and his alone. Hannibal couldn't be more in love.

And as Hannibal pushes his nose into the warm skin at the nape of Will's neck and smells something fresh and cloying that wasn't there before, he pauses and considers the revelation that growing inside Will now, probably no larger than a lentil at this point, is their second chance at having a family.

Will is pregnant.

Hannibal gently releases Will from his hold and positions himself so he's straddling the omega's legs, his hands smoothing over the warm, smooth skin on his side and his stomach. With patient coaxing Will rolls over onto his back and flings his arms out to the sides before settling back into sleep, naked except for the sheet laying low over his hips.

Soon the flat planes of his stomach will grow round with the evidence of the life they created. Hannibal worships them as they are with soft brushes of his lips against Will's skin, pushing his nose and mouth against the cut of his hip bones and the dip of his navel. He feels the rise and fall of Will's chest with every precious breath, and as Hannibal lazily explores with his lips and nose and teeth, he feels the omega begin to stir.

“What’re you doin’?” Will asks with a drowsy smile, his Louisiana drawl creeping into his speech as it does only when he’s newly woken or thoroughly fucked. He pulls himself up so he’s propped up against the pillows slightly.

Hannibal wants to share his discovery with Will, but when he parts his lips the words refuse to come forth. He feels wary of announcing it to the room, like saying the words aloud will somehow give the universe cause to rip it away from him.

Every good and beautiful thing in his life has been broken and lost to him. And until Will, he thought he would be alone forever.

“Hey,” Will pushes his fingers into Hannibal’s hair and gently tugs on it until Hannibal looks up at him, “what’s wrong, Hannibal?”

“Nothing,” Hannibal says, because it’s nearly the truth.

“Then why do you look like you lost your best friend?” Will asks.

“I haven’t lost you, Will.”

Will rolls his eyes, but smiles fondly and scratches at Hannibal’s scalp. “You’re getting awfully cheesy on me. Burnt the eggs?”

“I haven’t given a thought to breakfast, I’m afraid.”

“Read a Freddie Lounds article about us?”

“Please don’t ever mention that name while we’re naked in bed together.”

“Fair enough.”

“I’m considering what type of father I’ll be,” Hannibal says plainly, pressing a chaste kiss to Will’s stomach as he waits.

Will doesn’t say anything for several long moments, which prompts Hannibal to look at him. His brow is furrowed and his blue eyes are fixed on the alpha, like he’s not sure what to make of Hannibal’s words. Like he’s not sure if they’re meant to hurt him or not.

“You’d be the overprotective father who makes all your child’s possible suitors flee in terror,” Will sighs, trying to thread humor into his voice but not quite succeeding. His eyes are suspiciously wet. “You would pretend to be the tough parent, but also spoil him or her relentlessly.”

“Will I be so easily manipulated by blue eyes and curls?” Hannibal asks carefully, resting the palm of his hand over Will’s stomach. He watches as Will’s face lights up with a smile despite the tears that threaten to spill.

And then they do fall, leaving wet streaks on Will’s stubbled cheeks. Hannibal fights back the instinct to protect, to remove the thing that’s causing his omega distress. Instead he covers Will’s body with his own to shield him from the outside world and pulls him close.

“Am I pregnant?” Will asks softly against Hannibal’s neck, his scent muddied by fear and uncertainty.

Hannibal sniffs just below Will’s ear. The same new scent as before greets him, even if there are more potent ones masking it now. “Yes, I believe you are.”

“In the hospital, they told me my odds of getting pregnant were dismal at best and impossible at worst.”

Hannibal knows the part that Will leaves unspoken, that his alpha is directly responsible for those dismal and impossible odds. From what Hannibal could gather over the past few months without Will explicitly telling him so, opening up Will's insides in his fit of rage had left the omega with moderately damaged reproductive organs and a greatly decreased possibility of ever bearing children.

As much as he doesn't believe in regret, there are certain things Hannibal would go back and do differently if given the chance.

Will's body starts to tremble and Hannibal smells fresh tears. He pulls back so he can look at the omega's face, brows knitted together in concern. "Will--"

"It's okay. I'm crying because I'm really fucking happy," Will laughs, catching Hannibal's hand with his own and holding it to his smiling mouth. Will bites down gently on Hannibal's knuckles and meets his gaze. "Can we go into town and get a pregnancy test? Just to be sure?"

Hannibal can't deny Will anything and this moment is no different.

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It's a particularly busy Saturday in San Pedro, with tourists milling around in groups outside of the stores that Will leads Hannibal towards. They enter a grocery store with a pharmacy attached and as they're walking together towards the back of the store, Hannibal observes a beta couple picking up bottles of lubricant and chatting in Spanish about them to one another.

Will stops at the opposite end of the aisle that the couple is in and tilts his head as he considers twenty different kinds of pregnancy tests.

"*I wish you were a rich alpha like that handsome foreign guy over there*," the woman says in a voice that she must believe is low enough for Hannibal not to hear.

"*Why? So you can be the gold digger omega?"* the man responds, setting a bottle back on the shelf.

"*You think the omega is a gold digger? How can you tell?* "

"*A younger omega with a pretty face and nice body is a dead giveaway. Plus, he's looking at pregnancy tests with your fancy alpha foreigner. Duh, he's a gold digger. Good one too, since he got knocked up.*"

"*I still wish you were rich,*" the woman sighs, taking the man's arm as they walk away.

Hannibal moves quickly, before his brain really comprehends what he's doing. *Rude. Rude rude rude.*

Will catches his arm before he makes it more than a few steps and Hannibal stops abruptly, his omega's apparent need far more important to the primal part of his mind. He doesn't take his eyes off of the couple as they blend into the crowd outside of the store, committing their faces to memory.

"Even though I find your alpha posturing very sexy, I'm in too good of a mood to think about killing anyone," Will says, his voice and touch diffusing Hannibal's anger like nothing else can.

"You would reconsider if you knew what they said."

"Something about omega gold diggers? I've been picking up more Spanish than you think." Will releases his grip on Hannibal's arm, but doesn't remove his hand completely. "Look, this laying low thing is already in jeopardy because of our extracurricular activities. I don't need you beating anyone to death in public to defend my honor."

Hannibal wonders if Will knows that he need only say the word to make the alpha kill for him and lay the bodies at his feet in offering.

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They return to the villa with plastic bags containing seven different types of pregnancy tests, a pair of sunglasses that Hannibal had insisted on buying for Will when his blue eyes had lingered on them, prenatal vitamins, and some basic groceries to restock their fridge.

Will starts putting away the groceries while Hannibal moves around the kitchen gathering up the ingredients to make them lunch. Once Will is done putting everything away, he hops up on the counter and sits there so he can watch Hannibal while he cooks.

“Are you hoping for a boy or a girl?” Will asks.

Hannibal puts the lid on the pasta and turns to give his attention to Will. “I have no preference.”

Somewhere inside him he wonders if that’s true, if he wouldn’t prefer a boy because there would hopefully be fewer parallels to Abigail. He believes that Will has forgiven him, but he knows that Will can’t forget.

Will doesn’t say anything, perhaps mulling over his own answer to the question.

“I do hope he or she inherits everything from you,” Hannibal says.

“That’s not really how genetics work,” Will replies, smiling coyly and reaching out to grab Hannibal’s hand and tug him closer. Hannibal follows the pull and rests his free hand on the omega’s waist, settling in between Will’s legs. The other hand is happily held captive until Will chooses to release it.

“I’m allowed to hope.” And he does. He hopes for a child with Will’s beautiful blue eyes, unruly curls, and sharp intellect.

“You are. I guess this means we’re postponing our relocation to Cuba?”

“I thought I would leave that up to you,” Hannibal says, lacing his fingers with Will’s. “If we leave early enough in your pregnancy, we can go wherever you’d like. Cuba, Norway, Spain…”

Will sighs and puts his lower lip between his teeth, worrying it until it starts to turn red and plump. “I do like it here. How long do I have to decide?”

“I think we can safely travel up to your fifth month.” Hannibal lifts his unoccupied hand to cup Will’s stubbled jaw, rubbing his thumb slowly back and forth. “After that, I’m afraid every instinct will implore me to keep you safe and in one place until you give birth.”

“So you’re saying at that point you’ll be an overprotective asshole and the littlest thing might set you off?”

“More so than usual, yes.”

Will leans forward to press his forehead to Hannibal’s shoulder and laughs. Hannibal revels in it, warmth blooming in his chest and belly, and fears that he’s helpless to do anything except give Will everything he wants in the world, if the omega would only ask it of him.

“Let me know what you desire, Will. Anywhere you want to go, we’ll go.”

Will’s laughter subsides and he shifts against the alpha, curls brushing against the side of Hannibal’s face. He makes a soft sound and presses his lips to the alpha’s jaw, a gesture that never fails to relax Hannibal instantly.

“You put a child in me despite the odds,” Will breathes warm and wet against Hannibal’s ear. “*Good alpha*.”

Being told the human equivalent of *good dog* should perturb Hannibal, but it only makes his jaw go slack and his mouth fall open against Will's neck. The fact that Will said the words in almost perfectly accented Lithuanian makes Hannibal wish he had rejected the omega's request to learn his mother tongue, if only to prevent the deplorable way it's being used against him now.

"Wicked boy," Hannibal says softly, scraping his teeth over the skin on Will's neck in promise of pleasure and violence. "I hope you didn't expect to leave our bed again today."

"Oh?" Hannibal can feel Will's impish smile against his cheek.

"Once you're fed," Hannibal pauses to press a kiss to the spot just beneath Will's ear and tugs on the lobe with his teeth, "I'm going to have you writhing on my cock for the rest of the afternoon."

Will sighs prettily, his scent spiking sharply with arousal. He pulls back and tilts his head so he can look into Hannibal's eyes, if only for brief moments. Hannibal sees everything there in those blue depths, Will's love and happiness and the darkness that perfectly complements Hannibal's own.

"After lunch," Will says, conceding to the alpha's need to keep him fed now that he's growing a life inside him. He leans forward and his mouth hovers just over Hannibal's, breath warm against the alpha's lips. "Would it be horrible of me to admit that now that I know it's possible, part of me always wants to be pregnant with your children?"

"I would be lying if I said the thought of keeping you pregnant hadn't crossed my mind."

"Let's get through the first pregnancy and see how we feel," Will says with a grin. "And Hannibal?"

"Yes, Will?"

“The water is boiling over.”

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Bonus!

After lunch, Will disappears into their en suite bathroom with the bag of pregnancy tests. He’s gone for thirty minutes before Hannibal starts to grow worried and knocks on the door.

“Will? Is everything alright?”

The door opens a few seconds later and Hannibal is assaulted by his omega, who nearly knocks them both to the ground with the force of his hug. Will laughs and tucks his face into Hannibal’s neck.

“They’re all positive. We’re having a baby.”

Will jumps up and wraps his legs around Hannibal’s waist, and the alpha carries his mate to bed, intent on keeping his promise of not letting him leave it.

End Notes

Feel free to hit me up on Tumblr! I'm Dormchi there as well.

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